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CHILDHOOD AND HOME.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank:
Midst the cold, dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-light,
Shines round the helmsman plunging through the night;
And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees
In close, dark, stranger streets, his native trees.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

POMPEII AND NAPLES.

Readers must get tired of that excavated city which was buried 1800 years ago. But its reappearance is so much like a resurrection from the dead; its ancient forms of life rise so vividly and impressively upon you; classic history and poetry find here so many illustrations that neither Athens nor Rome afford, that travellers will write of Pompeii. It was past the middle of a hot day, relieved by a fresh breeze across the beautiful bay of Naples, that found us at the railway station with excursion tickets for the trip of fifteen miles. An extra car was kindly added to our train by an English-speaking official. We had several stops at wayside villages as we passed around the bay and beneath the shadow of Vesuvius to the side of the mountain opposite that sloping toward Naples. The houses of these towns are of stone and plaster and the flat roofs are employed for promenades, drying floors for wheat, and possibly, as by the apostle Peter, for prayer. Heat finds its way but slowly through the seven-foot walls, and if there is any air stirring, it draws along the narrow streets as if through chimneys.

The hillsides and the acclivity up Vesuvius are green with olive orchards and vineyards. The almond tree also "flourishes" and the fig bears more than leaves. The great oleander trees, just now entirely covered with blossoms, overhang almost every wall. The roads are covered with dust as white and fine as flour. Men or a horse pull away at the slowly revolving machines that lift the water from the wells to irrigate the growing crops. Campania is still the richest of agricultural districts. Two crops of grain and one of grass are not unusual in the season which knows no winter. Indian corn, chiefly for fodder, is as common as in New England, and increases every year in all Italy. Potatoes abound. The old world gave us wheat and is taking our corn and potatoes in payment.

"Pompeii!" So cries the railway guard. The word sounded strangely on account of its familiarity. Rome is *Roma*, Florence, *Frienze*, Naples, *Neapoli*. But Pompeii (*Pompaye*) has been familiar from childhood. The letter of the younger Pliny, giving a most graphic account of the earthquake by one on the spot, was spelled over and over again in our reading books at public school. Bulwer's "Rienzi" is seldom left out of the reading of young Americans, and every newspaper letter like this revives the old associations.

It is a quiet little depot just in front of the gate by which we enter the ancient exhumed city. A beggar with scarcely any legs or feet (his capital in business) solicits alms, from his seat in the dusty road. Services and articles offered for sale are declined, and we hasten up to the gate,

Pompeii is in charge of the Italian minister of Public Instruction who supervises a well-trained set of guides dressed in coarse cool linen suits, numbered upon the collar. You pay forty cents as an entrance fee, and no gratuity for a guide. Several accompanied us, partly to explain localities and point out things interesting and curious, and partly to keep us from stealing relics. We first pass through the Museum which detains us the more briefly because the morning was delightfully spent at the fine Museum in Naples which contains specimens of everything found at Pompeii. But the models of the bodies, showing the individual's position when overtaken by death, gave vivid impression of the suddenness of the shock. When a skeleton is found, great pains is taken to secure an exact impression of the hollow where the bones lie. In this way we have striking representations of men, women, children, dogs, cats, fowls and other domestic animals. We find here also specimens of bread in loaves, also wheat, barley, coffee, rice, and nearly all articles of food. There are also shown specimens of ladies' shawls, dresses and ornaments.

But we are impatient to be in the veritable streets, houses and temples of the city. A few steps brings us to the first house. It is like all the rest, like the model shown us at the Crystal Palace near London, and very like the uncovered houses near the Roman Forum. A court is in the centre around which are sleeping apartments. A small shallow well for holding rain-water is near the centre. There is a garden, a reception room, and a kitchen. In the garden are frescoes and statues. Everything is on a small scale. The rooms are low. There is no second story. All is of brick or stone, "fire-proof." The public buildings, temples of the gods, court-houses, theatre, are more spacious. There are four fine white pillars excavated within three weeks, and some bright and well-preserved paintings.

Some eighty workmen are continually employed. Nearly two-thirds of the city has been uncovered. It is on high ground, and though buried from twenty to thirty feet in volcanic ashes, it is unexpectedly bright and sunny. It is thought that not more than 2000 of the 20,000 inhabitants were destroyed, the rest having escaped. It is a whole afternoon's work to simply walk through the streets, note the pavements, the fountains, the shops and tombs, and to look through the Museum. Our ladies gathered pretty bouquets from the crumbling walls. A good crop of corn was growing over the portion not exhumed. Lizards give about the only signs of animal life. They are very frequently seen scampering to their hiding-places in the stone crevices. The mountain is six miles away, and looks as inoffensive as any other, except for the column of smoke that rises by day as quietly as from the chimney of a farm-house, or the changing fire at night that shines intermittently like a revolving light on the seashore. Reflections press for utterance, but most readers have had a surfeit of them. Go and see Pompeii and think for yourself. The lights along the shore were streaming out across the bay, and the moon was well advanced on her nightly round when we reached our hotel.

You can sleep in ancient Pompeii far more easily than in modern Naples. The room is tiled and ceiled. The breeze from the bay is cool. The neat iron bedstead with its spring mattress and hard pillow, invite slumber, but its enemies are abroad. The buzzing mosquito buzzes ineffectually against the "bar" that keeps him from his repast, but the educated flea, silent, unseen and unwearied,

with agility and voracity, stings you awake. But worst of all, your sleepless Italian, with never-ending cries and quarrels, makes the whole night hideous. If barking dogs won't bite, then Italians will never fight. They are the dirtiest, handsomest, laziest of laughing, crying mortals. They are guiltless of modesty, impervious to smells, unconscious of dirt and oblivious of any peculiarities of others, but their own. Donkey-driving, basket-weaving, fish-selling, but even compound adjectives give out! See Pompeii and reflect. See Naples, and—well—the proverb says “die;” but I would say, live to wonder that the Creator ever made a place so lovely, and a people so various. It is safe to say no city, unless it may be Constantinople, presents contrasts so striking and instructive. If in any place one would willingly never sleep, it is among the indescribable people and scenes of Naples. I would rather have missed seeing any other city of Europe—London, or Venice itself. R. B. H.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night ;
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars —
What, but death-bemocking folly ?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

“WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

We are reluctant to believe that the world is getting worse, much more are we in any wise to cease efforts to make the world better, but the present condition of the world staggers our faith in the statement that the present days are better than the former days. It is facts that stagger our faith.

1. The number of big and little thieves, and robbers.
2. The desertion of the field and farm for something else—almost anything rather than cut, dig, plough and haul on a farm, thus abandoning the virtues of industry and frugality.
3. The number of murders and the acquittal of the same in and by the courts, and thus cheapening human life.
4. The number of suicides.
5. The number of insane persons.

6. The number of incendiaries.
7. The number of men that go armed, prepared to kill.
8. The cultivation of the military spirit in schools and otherwise.
9. The enormous standing armies of Eastern nations, and the amazing folly of the United States Congress in resolving on a naval outfit that will equal if not surpass that of any other nation that is represented on the waters on earth.

10. The power of money as manifested in law, and in secular and religious operations. Is it not true that in the present day more than ever before in churches and in states, “money answereth all things.”

Now let the reader insert the words, *increased and increasing* after “The,” the first word in each of the foregoing paragraphs and he will more fully get our meaning.

While these facts confront the patriots, philanthropists and the more godly people of the countries, there should be no slackness of effort to stop the world in its downward course and turn it in the ways of truth, righteousness, mercy and peace.—*Christian Neighbor*.

WHAT LIVINGSTONE OPENED AFRICA TO.

A few years ago, in a lonely hut in Central Africa, a worn-out man died upon his knees, praying in the fervor of a consecrated, loyal soul, “Oh, let Thy kingdom come!” He had opened, he thought, the great, Dark Continent to the onward march of Christian civilization and the light of God's truth. Christendom shouted for joy and the procession started across the sea.

Watch it. One missionary, 70,000 gallons of rum ; one missionary, 70,000 gallons more of rum ; another missionary, another 70,000 gallons ; and so on and on it goes, rum and missionaries, missionaries and rum. Thus we touch the great Congo state. Watch again. One convert to Christ, a hundred drunkards ; one more ; a hundred more. The missionary's heart grows sick, it cries out, ‘Oh, Christians at home, for the love of Christ, stop the rum!’ But, as the climate does its exhaustive work, and one by one the brave workers sink beneath the burning sun, hearts at home are discouraged, and the next ship goes only with rum—without the missionary.

Under the madness of intoxicating liquors sent from Massachusetts, two hundred of those people (of Congo) slaughtered each other in a single day. Again we are told of a single gallon of this drink causing a fight in which fifty were killed. Judas sold his Lord for seven-teen dollars, but America hurries fifty souls to the bar of God for ninety cents.—*M. E. Stewart*.

THE COLLEGE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

Up to December 10th, 4632 students in American colleges had expressed their willingness to go as missionaries to foreign fields. Of these 78 per cent. are men, 22 per cent. women, 35 per cent. graduates, 27½ per cent. are Presbyterians, 18 per cent. Congregationalists, 14 per cent. Methodists, 11½ per cent. Baptists. Forty denominations are represented. If these Evangelists scatter throughout the world the doctrines of Christ set home by the Holy Spirit, hope will become fruition :—

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.